

SACO VETERANS

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

VICE ADMIRAL MILTON E "MARY" MILES

Rear Duke & Perpetual Skipper

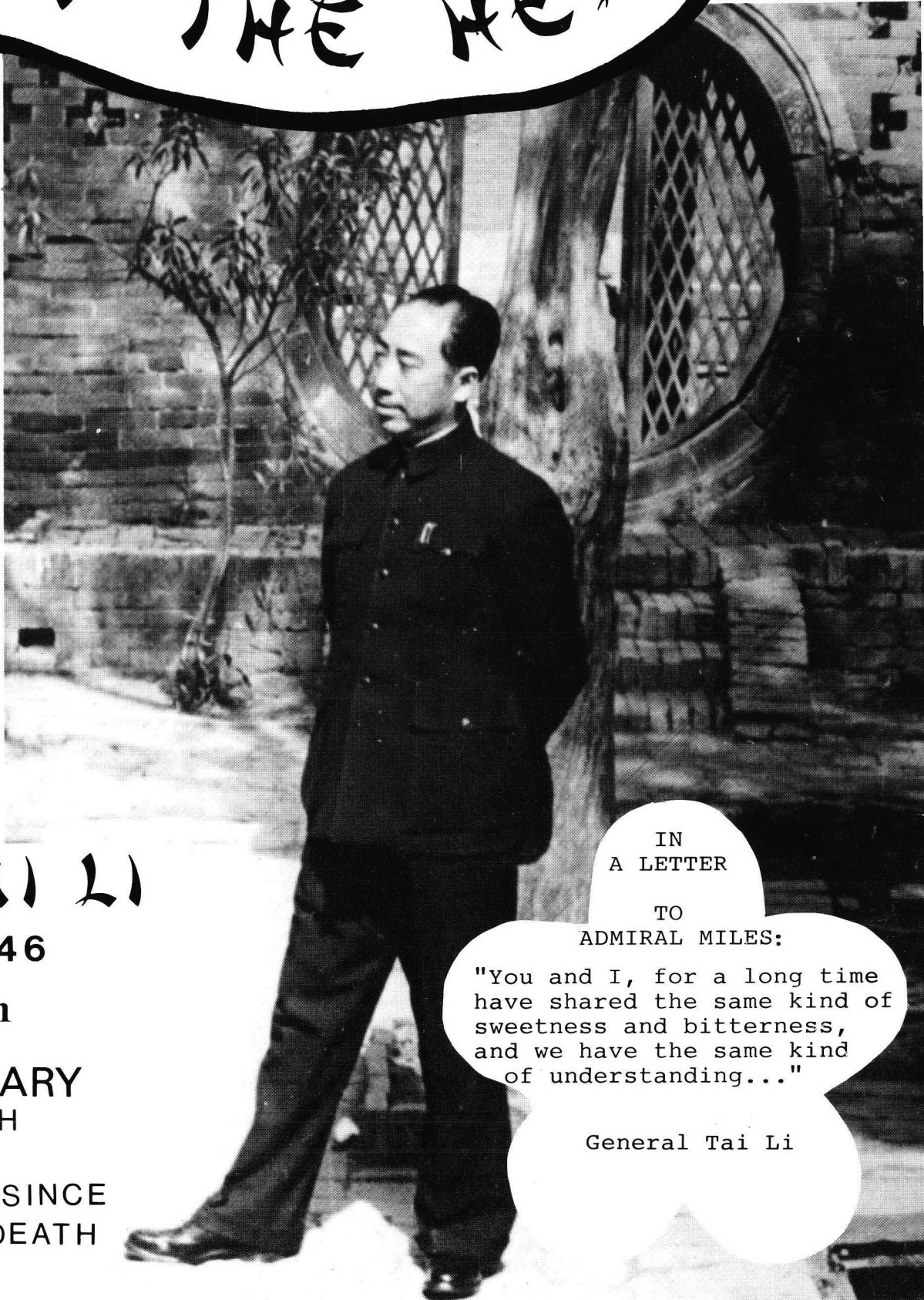
Issue
No. 13

MARCH
1996

WHAT THE HELL?



SACO NEWS



GEN. TAI LI

1896 - 1946

100th

ANNIVERSARY
OF BIRTH

50 YEARS SINCE
UNTIMELY DEATH

IN
A LETTER

TO
ADMIRAL MILES:

"You and I, for a long time
have shared the same kind of
sweetness and bitterness,
and we have the same kind
of understanding..."

General Tai Li

LETTERS

The report of this year's convention was excellent, and makes me wish that I could have been there! I was very interested in the news article about George Barrett...

The story on Madame Chiang Kai-shek was greatly appreciated. Madame Chiang is truly one of the great women of all time and the article and pictures were certainly appropriate. The article on Adm. Zumwalt and the picture of the group on the tower of the Glen Line Bldg. brought back some memories. Soon after the end of the war, I proceeded from Unit 6 at Amoy, Fukien Province, to Shanghai, where I was assigned as an operations duty officer in the Port Director's office located in the Glen Line building. The story of Adm. Zumwalt meeting his beautiful 22-year-old wife in Shanghai would have made him the envy of every sailor who made port in Shanghai in those days!

I enjoyed the article on "Calcutta to Kunming" by Nobel Shadduck and I am pleased that you did not do much cutting on it. The mention of Camp Knox brought back memories as I believe that our group was the first Navy unit which moved into Camp Knox, from Kanjupara, an army camp several miles from Calcutta. Nobel's mention of the sacred cattle on the streets reminded me of the time that several of us Navy personnel ran into one of these sacred cows on the road from Kanjupara to Calcutta. As an ugly (to us!) crowd started to gather, we decided that discretion was the better part of valor and took off in a cloud of dust!

The picture of the "Time out for Laundry and Bathing" also reminded me of the times when we followed the same practice while we were out in the field in Fukien province. Fortunately, we did not have a cameraman along to provide anyone with photographs of us "au naturel."

Again, thanks for a thoroughly enjoyable document. It was a pleasure to receive it and I anticipate keeping it as a treasure.

Robert J. Hoe



I have always considered it an honor to have been a member of the SACO organization and sincerely appreciate all that's been done to keep the activities and memories of our little-known operation alive.

It was of great interest that I read Art Wilding's article on the 50th anniversary commemorative flight across the "Hump." I will never forget my flight "through" rather than "over" the Hump to Kunming and on to Chungking in 1945. It was a real thrill for a nineteen-year-old. It's hard to believe that was fifty years ago.

Jim Norman



Just received the new edition of SACO NEWS and I do so enjoy getting them. Due to caring for my wife last year, whom I lost in November, I'm quite certain I did not send you my dues, so am enclosing them now. So sorry for the forgetfulness. My grown sons and daughter also get great enjoyment from the SACO NEWS.

Dean H. Spaulding



Enclosed is my dues plus a little extra for your great SACO NEWS.

I was very interested in your picture of the Post War Convoy to Kunming. My group composed of Roger Special and Roger II left with a convoy on VJ Day. As I remember, there were about 50 6X6's and a half doz jeeps. I was an ensign at the time. The only name I recognize in any of your lists was Stone Cooper...

Norbert J. Stone

Response to my letter seeking info re: Gen. Tai Li...

Thank you very much for your letter ...I am sorry to tell you that I am not able to do anything for you as you have suggested in your letter. In the first place, I have lost my memory and cannot remember anything in the long past; and in the second place, I cannot even hold a pen steady not saying of writing something with sense and coherence. ...Please understand my problem and pardon me for giving you such a negative answer. May I also avail myself of this opportunity to wish you every success in your work.

Eddie Liu



We have 3 S&R (Roger) plaques at the UDT/SEAL Museum at Fort Pierce, FL. I was going to stop after doing the 3rd one, but have been asked to do one more.

I know there are many S&R Roger names that could go on the plaque, but I am not sure if there is enough interest in it, thus I would like to have you ask in your next WHAT THE HELL Issue.

Jim Barnes, Associate Member



I was pleasantly surprised when I received the SACO NEWS booklet and after turning to page 13, I saw the "Burma Roadster"* (names on Chinese paper money) taped on it; it brought back fond memories of those buddies that I had the privilege to serve with.

I also had a "Burma Roadster" exactly like this one you sent me with the same names and date December 26, 1943. However, sad to say, I lost it with my wallet while travelling all night on a 6X6 truck with a group of our men to Chan Ting airfield and it would be a miracle if it would ever turn up.

I thank you very, very much for sending this one and I will treasure it.

Thomas P. Greco

From time to time, miscellaneous articles come by me. This particular paper currency had several names; one being Greco - I sent it to him. (Ed.)



I wish to be enrolled as a member of SACO. (check enclosed).

K.R. (Tug) Wilson sent me a copy of the October 1995 issue of SACO NEWS. Tug and I served in the CBI together, both RM 1/c. We traveled from Bombay to Calcutta, to Kunming, back to Calcutta. At war's end, we volunteered to drive the six-wheelers over the Ledo-Burma Road to Kunming.

I really enjoyed Nobel Shadduck's diary of the adventure. I remember him well. As I recall, he rode in a Jeep, often times with the convoy commander of other officers; other times was visiting with drivers, mechanics and the medical team. Always writing, writing, writing.

The road trip, for me, was one of those I would not take a million dollars for the adventure and I would not go again for a million dollars!

Louis A. Smith (new-found SACO)
16248 SW 130th Ter #18
Tigard, OR 97224



It is time for each member of the Sino American Cooperative Organization to put into print, swap stories or exchange the unique experiences we were exposed to or we created while serving in the CBI theatre during WWII.

...The whole point of this note is to encourage all members of SACO to make a sincere effort to attend this next reunion. Even if you have no interest in seeing your old shipmates again, we would like

to see you..so get off your ass, cash in a CD and join us in one great party. You're thought of more than you realize.

Red McGrail



Nobel Shadduck's article on convoy over Ledo Road brought back some memories of my trip aboard the SS Frank J. Cooper. There were eighteen of us sleeping in the dog houses top side. All of the holes were full of ammunition with four Drag Lines on top side to be used in building the Ledo Road. We almost lost one of the Drag Lines in a helluva storm. ..As we were standing Gun Tub watches, the scaffolding went over the side and I personally crawled down one of the beams to get below. ..I helped the colored chef peel potatoes on the fantail and I ate steak all the way to Ceylon.

Don Gabeline (Known at "Gabe" then)



SACOs ATTEND RETIREMENT PARTY FOR ALEXANDER T. "DOC" EDISS AT HIS HOME IN SANTA ANA

"Doc" Ediss retired from dentistry and was honored with a humongous turnout of friends and family on 26 Aug. '95. Standing L-R: "Wes" Weskamp - James Dunn - Kathryn Weskamp - Willie Baker - Erma and Richard Rutan - Seated: Doc's dtr, Joan Loos, Doc and Audrey Baker. (Photo courtesy the Bakers.)

Keep up the good work! I keep looking in the SACO NEWS for a familiar face; so far only one, Ed Doyle.

First met Ed as he was climbing aboard a 6X6 along the Hudson River in NYC. First thing to come over the side was a guitar, then Ed. We were in the Armed Guard and being taken off ships and returned to USN, arrived Guard Center Brooklyn where a group of we radiomen "Volunteered" for "Extremely hazardous duty outside the continental limits."

The guitar next turned up at Kanchow, Jan '44- present owner was McNickles, a "you-all" from Arkansas (also running the radio shack there before Kanchow was abandoned).

Incidentally, I wound up with INTEL ONE Lt. Hilton Jayne.

Gene H. Huston

PS: Doyle was with Lt. Champe's outfit and the Lt. says, "No guitars." At least that's how I remember it.



MORE DONORS IN SUPPORT OF SACO NEWS	
ANONYMOUS	\$100
BARRETT, George	100
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GRIFFIN, B. E.	100
HARVEY, Jack	50
HOE, Robert	100
KARAS, Larry	50
MC CLOW, wayne	100
NELSON, Bernie	100
NORMAN, James	50
O'BRIEN, Charles	200
SIEGRIST, Jake	100
STONE, Norbert	100
TATE, Shep	100
TERPSTRA, Dick	50
MANY THANKS TO EVERYONE!	

GENERAL TAI LI

100 YEARS

"The achievements of SACO and the everlasting friendship between the two of us not only concern the welfare of a small portion of our peoples, but will also have a great bearing on the friendly relations of the people of both our countries." Gen. Tai Li

A time to reflect on a pioneer of his career, the father of modern day intelligence in the Republic of China. Perhaps those of us in SACO are indebted to him for protection more than we realize, particularly at the time we were there under his supervision. Most of us were unaware of his men who were in constant surveillance of our movements and undoubtedly, due to never faltering in his prudent, shrewd and ingenious endeavors to ensure our safety, Gen. Tai Li is credited with keeping our presence unknown and casualties almost nil. In time of war, this incredible accomplishment of security for approximately 3000 of us must be a feat heretofore unchallenged.

SPECIAL OBSERVATIONS FROM THE MAN WHO KNEW HIM BEST:

In our Skipper's "A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR," then Commander Miles recalls the moments leading to his first introduction to Gen. Tai Li and the secrecy and mystery preceding their first encounter:

"Despite appearances, and with no knowledge of the fact on my part, General Tai Li was having me watched very closely. He knew that I had come in on the plane with Ambassador Gauss and Colonel McHugh, both of whom had contacts that Tai Li felt were doubtful. And, because I had



arrived with them, he wanted to learn something about me himself, despite the favorable reports from Colonel Hsiao that had preceded me.

"I do not know what I might have done if I had realized that I was being watched. But, having no suspicions, and being utterly innocent of experience with master spies, I moved about quite naturally. In the first place, I had been fortunate in not having accepted the invitation McHugh had given me to stay with him, for he often entertained British officers whom - so I discovered later - Tai Li strongly distrusted. And, too, it was fortunate, in a way, that I found my hotel's Western-style dishes so little to my liking, for that was what led me to buy hot noodles from vendors in the streets. And, finding it impossible to make myself understood when I spoke my coastal brand of Chinese, I practiced my limited and somewhat rusty Mandarin Chinese wherever I went.

"Activities such as these, unplanned and utterly unrehearsed on my part, were duly reported in great detail to the general, and he interpreted them, fortunately as showing my willingness to accept the Chinese ways of doing things.

"I had no knowledge that this was going on but, conscious that my orders called on me to report to Ambassador Gauss, I decided, on the morning after my arrival, to have a talk with Colonel McHugh. He had told me during our flight from Calcutta how to find his house and, as I left the hotel, I planned to take a rickshaw. But as I was about to choose one from the eight or ten that were waiting beside the hotel entrance, a brown Chevrolet that was parked nearby suddenly started its engine and drove up, opening its door for me. I thought little of the incident at the time, and climbed in, telling the driver where I wanted to go. The distance was not great and, having arrived, I told him to wait.

"Luckily, I found the colonel in and when I told him what was bothering me, he agreed that I had better see the ambassador soon.

"That's what I wanted to do," I replied. "Will he be free tomorrow morning?"

"Yes," he nodded. "Come on over and I'll take you in."

"...I was more than ever puzzled about General Tai Li. Still, having decided to try, if that proved necessary, to set my plans in motion without wasting any more time, I found my confidence somewhat renewed. What I did not know was that General Tai was now about ready to explode into my life.

"It was that afternoon when Colonel McHugh stopped to pick me up, that I asked to be taken to call on Admiral Yang, head of intelligence for the Chinese National Military Council. Colonel McHugh, whose experience in China was broad and who spoke several Chinese dialects, told me a little about him as we made our way to his house and, when the admiral



Finally I met Gen. Tai Li, who decided I would pass.

received us, we greeted him as respectfully as Chinese manners and his important rank required.

"We had come, I told him to pay our respects and I added that I would also like to see General Tai Li in order to deliver some parcels I had brought. The admiral was most amiable and offered to take us to see the general at once. We accepted, of course, but when the admiral led us to his car, I noticed with some surprise, that it was the very same brown Chevrolet I had used that morning, and that the driver was the same. I was so struck by this, in fact, that I failed to notice either what direction we took or how far we went. Later I came to be familiar with all of Chungking's principal streets, but as we reached our destination, I was conscious only of being led around a corner from a dirty street, and through a narrow doorway. Then, having entered with us, the admiral - to my surprise, for he was much the general's senior - withdrew after turning us over to one of General Tai's aides with whom we went much farther into that somewhat labyrinthine house. We passed through other doorways, each of which, it seemed, opened in some



The Generalissimo reviewed the troops at Unit 9 on 3 April 1945. The photo was marked to edit out Gen. Tai Li (L). He wanted no publicity.

new and unknown direction. We went down and up. We turned here and there. We made our way through a half a dozen rooms or possibly more. And finally, after making still other turns, we reached the room for which we had been so indirectly heading. The route we had followed had been most confusing, and I am sure that we could have found our way out unaided only with real difficulty.

"The general kept us waiting less than a minute, and he entered with a smile, showing much gold bridgework. He was a slightly built man not quite as tall as I - five feet seven, perhaps - and he was dressed in a Sun Yat-sen kind of civilian suit made of khaki whipcord. His jacket, which was buttoned up to the neck, was neatly pressed and had a high, turned-over collar. He looked older, I thought, than he had appeared in the photographs Colonel Hsiao had shown me, and no picture I had seen had given even a hint of the lively snap of his wide-open and piercing black eyes.

"He spoke rapidly, often in a dialect that was meaningless to me and that was unfamiliar even to McHugh. But the interpreter who had come in with the general

was entirely competent, and our conversation did not lag. I had brought two small gifts with me. One was a little Minox camera from Colonel Hsiao, and the other was a personal gift from me - a snubnosed .38 automatic pistol. It was identical with the one I was wearing and he put it on at once. In fact, he carried it from then to the time of his death when it proved to be one means of his identification.

"...Many people who were intimately familiar with China have said that if Tai Li had lived, China



Tai Li and Miles Christmas, 1942

would not have been lost. That is possible, for he had bested the Communists before and might have been able to do so again. Certainly, he would have prevented some of the profiteering, 'squeeze,' and dishonest dealing that were indulged in even by important members of his own party. And that, in turn, would have weakened the Communist propaganda that was used so effectively to undermine the confidence of the people - and of the world - in China's government.

"But General Tai was to meet a tragic end. He would surprise his enemies no more. But I am glad that he had thought to set down what might be called his credo in his last letter to me.

'The achievements of SACO and the everlasting friendship between the two of us,' he had written three or four months after I had left China for home, 'not only concern the welfare of a small portion of our peoples, but will also have a great bearing on the friendly relations of the people of both our countries. China, after eight years of bloody warfare - after long suffering and much bitterness - should from now on make great strides in her work of construction, thus rejuvenating her strength. However, being backward in many ways, both technically and economically, we will continue to need the helping hand of your friendly nation. Furthermore, judging from the situation of the world at large, the destiny of these two great nations are certain, henceforth, to be deeply interwoven.

'You and I, for a long time, have shared the same kind of sweetness and bitterness, and we have the same kind of understanding of the present situation. I am firmly convinced that we will continue not only to value the joint successes we have shared in the past, but also that we will work



Gen. Tai Li says, "You will go to the coast right through the Japanese lines carrying your yo-yo pole like this. We'll have to get you some Chinese coolie clothes to walk in."

for the future benefit and welfare of our two countries.

'Difficulties and hindrances are inevitable during the initial stages of almost any enterprise. Nevertheless, if the aid is not merely to benefit a small minority, and if we proceed with determined perseverance, the result - whether meritorious or the opposite - will be known to the world. All those who have distrusted and failed to understand will eventually come to believe and comprehend.

'It is my belief that some sort of encouraging and widely comforting step is needed now. I believe also that the situation hereafter will require the continuation of our most enlightened and cooperative spirit.'

"General Tai had escaped so many deaths that at first no one could believe in the possibility that he had been killed. Two of his Chinese friends were in Captain Beyerly's office when word came that he was missing. They phoned their wives who were playing mahjong, and one of that group hurried from the game to a nearby

fortune teller who asked for 'the eight sticks.'

"For a Chinese fortune it is not necessary to give the name. The fortune teller, however, must be given two sticks each for the hour, the day, the month and the year of the unnamed person's birth.

"These were provided, and the fortune teller, having looked at them, turned a blanched face at his visitor.

"'Please go,' he said. 'Do not ask me a question on these sticks, for this man is no longer here.'

"The Chinese saw much symbolism in his death. His name -Tai Li- signified a farmer and his hat, but his 'school name'- Yueh Nung- signified 'rain water' which a farmer needs to be successful. The Chinese who were his closest friends claim even yet that throughout his life he had too little water and too much 'fire,' and more symbolism appeared to have followed him when the wreckage of his plane was found on Purple Mountain only a few hundred yards from Tai Chia Chiao Tai Family Bridge. It had crashed and fallen on its door side, and nearby farmers heard cries from within the fuselage before the plane exploded. Everyone in it died in the flames. (17 March 1946...Ed.)

"There was very little left from which to identify the men who were burned, but there were some bits of identifiable woolen underwear under Tai-Li's back, and there was a small American pistol. It was the one I had given him four years before. He had carried it ever since."

(Political powers in Washington with particular reference to General George Marshall, denied Admiral Miles attending General Tai's funeral. Our skipper continues....)



1944 Christmas Dinner

"...in preparing a message to the generalissimo, I explained that circumstances beyond my control prevented my attending General Tai Li's funeral.

"Back through the Chinese ambassador, and with remarkably little loss of time, came the generalissimo's reply. He understood my problem, he said, and added that although they would hold funeral ceremonies in various places in China, the actual burial would be postponed until my arrival." (That turned out to be approximately one year later and Admiral Miles writes):

"On the day of Tai Li's burial a typical procession went through the city of Nanking bearing floats with a flower-wreathed picture of General Tai Li and tablets in his praise. Ancient Chinese horns - the great, deep-noted ones that are so long they have to be carried by two men - made the traditional discordant sounds.

"Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek



Funeral of Gen. Tai Li who died
in plane crash near Nanking 17 March
1946

and I were the two chief mourners and I went first, representing the Chinese and Americans of SACO. I was followed by several hundred of Tai Li's officers, and a major general, serving as master of ceremonies, gave the directions: 'Funeral music.' - 'Off hats.' - 'Bow three times: once, second, third.' - 'On hats.' - 'Three minutes meditation.' - 'Stop meditation.' - 'Present incense.' 'Present flowers.' - 'Present coins.' - 'Present wine.'

"The presentations were made by four young ladies who brought the articles to me, whereupon I raised them to eye level and then handed them to another girl who placed them on the altar. Then, after a pause, the master of ceremonies spoke again, finishing with 'Bow to the son.' - 'Go look at the coffin if you wish.'

"I walked in the garden while we awaited the arrival of the generalissimo, and my gift to the tomb were two Mei Hau trees - the Mei of my Chinese name that General Tai had picked for me.* These 'winter plum trees' I felt, would continue to bloom even when

times were bleak.

"Following the arrival of the generalissimo, he had an official eulogy read, after which he conducted a ceremony similar to the one in which I had taken part. Then the leafy front of the coffin room was broken and the principal mourners accompanied the coffin along the winding road and to its subterranean concrete vault.

"That night and the next day, rain fell - an auspicious sign, I was told, for General Tai.

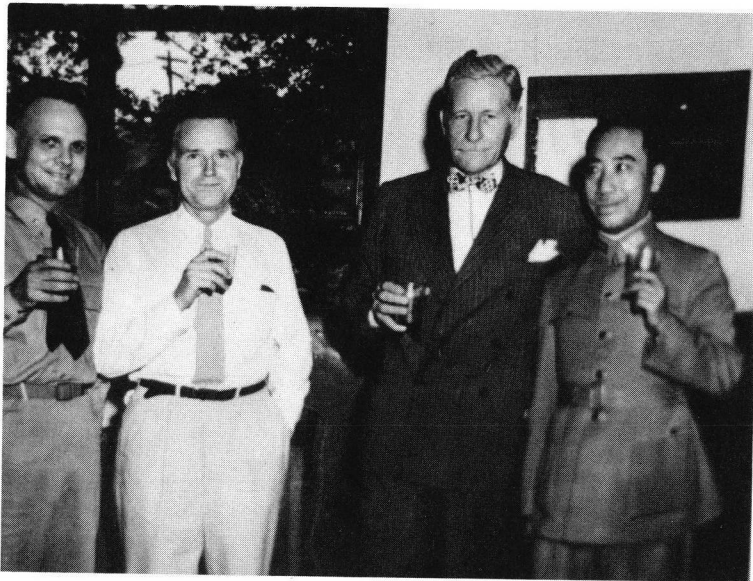
I thought of that some years later when I learned that the Communists had torn up the burial vault. I knew by then that the coffin had already been removed to Formosa."

*Interpreter Eddie Liu had delivered an invitation from General Tai addressing the skipper as "Mei Lo-ssu." Adm. Miles writes, "At first I did not grasp the full significance of this, but presently I realized that in giving me a Chinese name, the general had intended to pay me a compliment - had even gone so far, perhaps, as to flatter me a bit. But when, with Eddie's help, I managed to translate that name its meaning came as something of a shock. 'Mei' - pronounced May - means 'Winter Plum Blossom' so, if that was to be my name, I had to begin to think of myself as Commander Winter Plum Blossom, USN. But that was not all, for in an effort to make my Chinese name sound as much like 'Miles' as possible the general had added two more syllables - 'Lo-ssu' - which Eddie

told me could be interpreted to mean 'Enjoy this place.' Thus 'Miles' which has no meaning of which I ever heard, had not only been replaced by three syllables meaning 'Winter Plum Blossom Enjoy This Place,' but also, remarkably enough, Mei Lo-ssu even sounded a little like Miles - though more, no doubt, in Chinese than in Western ears - when it was pronounced rapidly and with the last two syllables slurred to the practical extinction of the

vowels.

"That alone, it seemed to me, was remarkable enough, but Eddie added one thing more. 'Mei,' he explained, 'has been chosen by the general for its symbolism. The winter plum blossom,' he added, 'is China's national flower - a flower that appears on the dead, hopeless-looking sticks of winter trees, and it promises better things to come.'"



Miles-Robertson (Hurley aide)-Hurley and Tai Li.



Christmas 1944 (Possibly auditorium of Unit 9)



Miles, Gen. Fu Tso Yi, Governor of Suiyan Province, Tai Li. (This was Miles' first visit to Camp 4.)



Review for Ambassador Hurley. These were his first ambassadorial honors; Unit 9 I believe. Miles, Hurley, Tai Li.



Chiang Kai-shek Memorial



Honor guard at statue of Chiang Kai-shek



July 1945, Tung Feng. Camp 7 trained group to infiltrate Formosa, reviewing the troops.



July 1945 at NAV U 2 at Chihkiang.



Gen. Tai Li Memorial Hall at MIB

斐恩上尉惠存



郭斌



贈

一九四五
渝

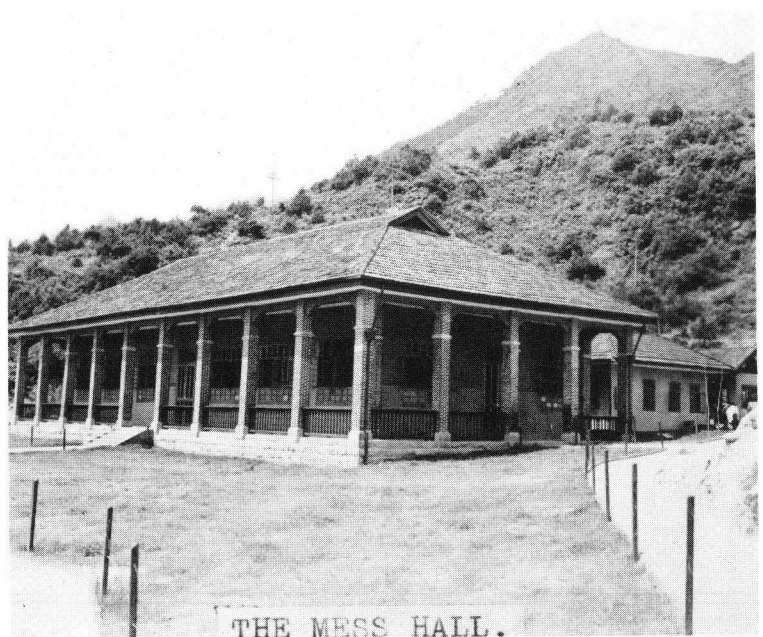
The widow of the late Cdr. George W. Payne sent his WWII albums to SACO by way of Bill Bartee who forwarded same for possible use in SACO NEWS. Among memoirs, this silk-on-silk embroidery was noted, "Gift of Gen. Tai Li." (Ed.).



Aerial view of the Navy camp in Happy Valley, SACO Headquarters, near Chungking, China taken in July 1945. The large building is the main dining hall/movie theatre, with stone steps leading up to it. This also served as a social center for card, checkers and other games. (Photo courtesy Kinsell Coulson)



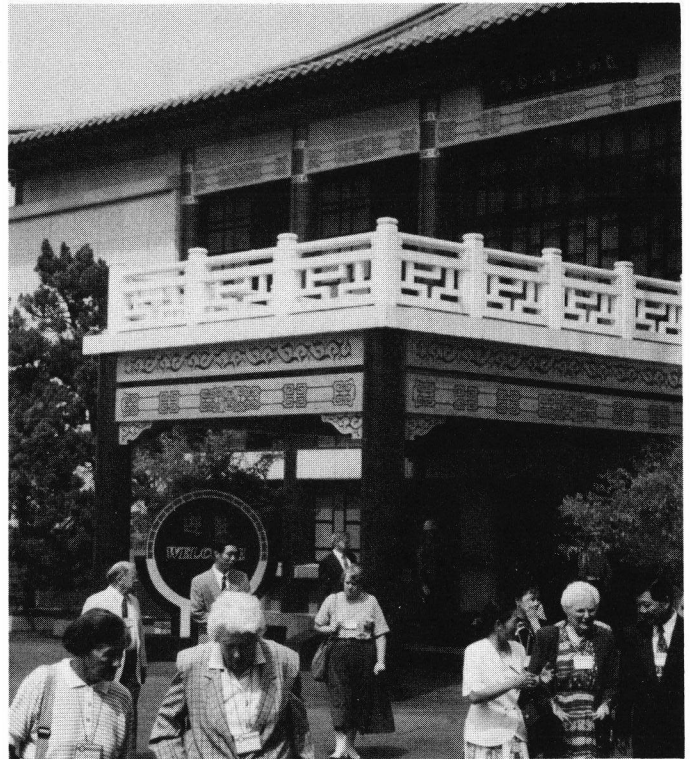
Steps leading from CNAC Airport in Chungking to the city level.



(Lower two photos from the albums of the late Cdr. George Payne)

ATTEND DOUBLE 10

Last October, a delegation of 30 SACOs departed San Francisco for Taiwan to celebrate 50 years of friendship and join in the national holiday - the Double Ten - at the invitation of General Hu Cha-chi, Director of Military Intelligence Bureau. As their guests, the red carpet was again aggrandized in the fashion known only to these most hospitable of people. We were welcomed on arrival at Chiang Kai-shek International Airport by Gen. and Mrs. Hu and all ranks of the MIB. We were quartered in the Sherwood Hotel, a 5-star establishment and were overwhelmed with the 19th floor Hospitality Suite.



There was a flight to Kaohsiung for an early celebration of the holiday in the southern island. We had VIP viewing of the parade and some of us rode in jeeps passing in review of the ROC Navy shipyards and other branches of the military stationed on the parade grounds.

The first day we were welcomed with a Tea Party hosted by the MIB; pretty lavish buffet actually! SACO presented \$1000 to the MIB Hospital. Later was a city tour, dinner high in the Hsing Kuang Tower. SACO visited Chiang Kai-shek Memorial and placed a wreath at the foot of the statue and visited Military History Hall.



We stayed over-night in the Grand Hi-lai Hotel leaving the next day for a veterans' home. Decks of playing cards for all living there were gifts of SACO as well as a \$1,000 check from our treasury. Traveling by bus on the return to



Taipei, we stayed over-night at the Hsiao Yueh Hotel at Taiwan Folk Village, a newly created park in the interior of the island. We



saw a spectacular show in a huge auditorium in Linkou where the holiday queen and her court sat directly in front of us. On the 10th was the Mass Rally and parade in front of the Presidential Building followed by the National Day Reception in the gardens of the Foreign Ministry, always a highlight of the annual holiday and ooh! What colossal shrimp!





Final Night Banquet

There was a tour of the National Palace Museum - always something new (perhaps ancient more fitting).

The farewell banquet was probably one of the most elegant ever. All-in-all, this trip will be remembered as possibly the most relaxing, informal, pleasurable and accented with affection as never before. Through the years we have truly become family, the hugs and sincere hospitality exhibited by Gen. Hu and all his staff leave little doubt of the fondness we share with one another. It was also great to see our old friend, Gen. Fan. I'm reminded of a greeting this past holiday from Franny Wang wherein she signed, "Your oldest friend" and as we recall, Franny was among the first of our MIB escorts and it has been many years!



General & Mrs. Hu Cha-chi



We raise a toast to all of you, our friends in the ROC, "AS LONG AS ONE SACO LIVES ON, MAY OUR FRIENDSHIP NEVER END. WE ARE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL AND WISH YOU GOOD HEALTH AND GODSPEED TO EACH AND EVERY ONE!"

Pictorial review
of events





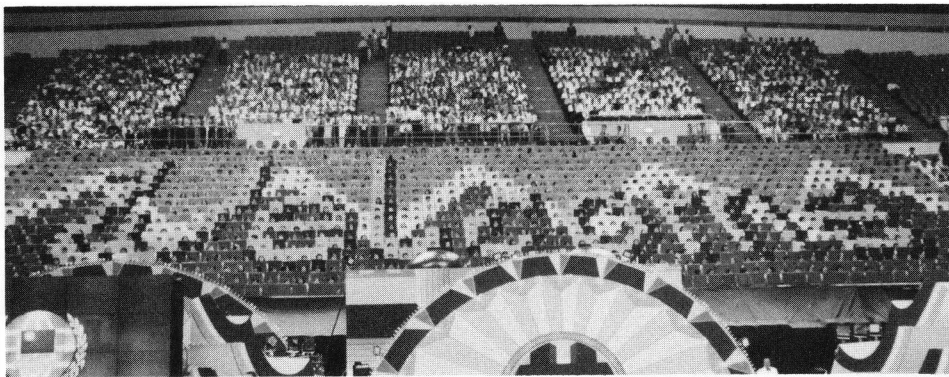
Watching the exercise in Kaohsiung



Our escorts



Great to see old friend Gen. Fan



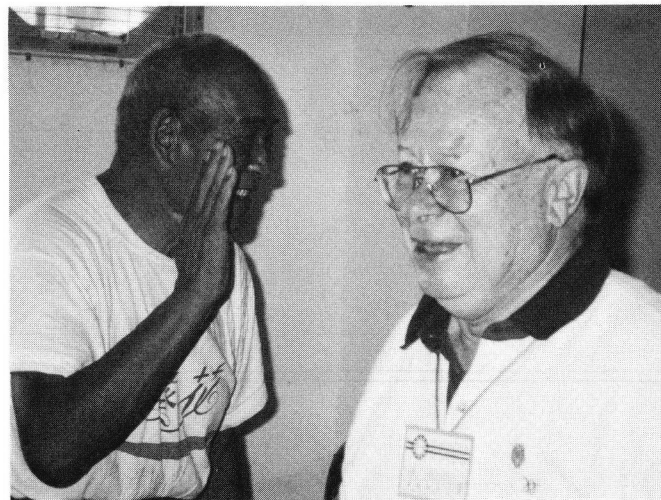
Welcome greeting from card section of Festival Show



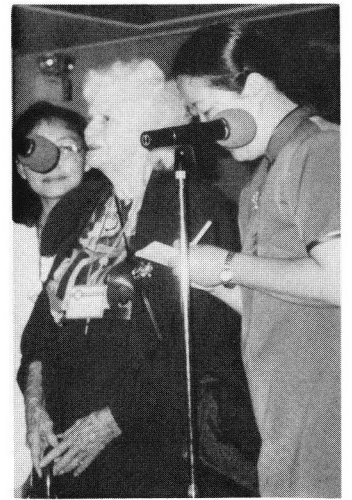
Gen. & Mrs. Hu



We visit veterans' home



Billy Miles speaks at MIB





Veterans' home



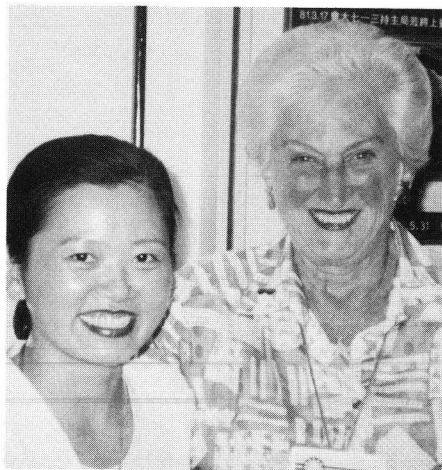
Bartee, Gen. Liu, Divelbiss,
Clarke, Booth



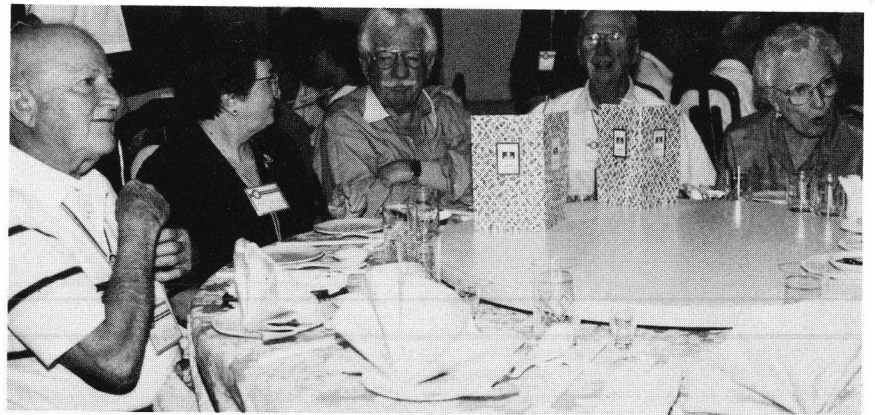
Passing in review



Casamajors await welcome ceremony
at MIB



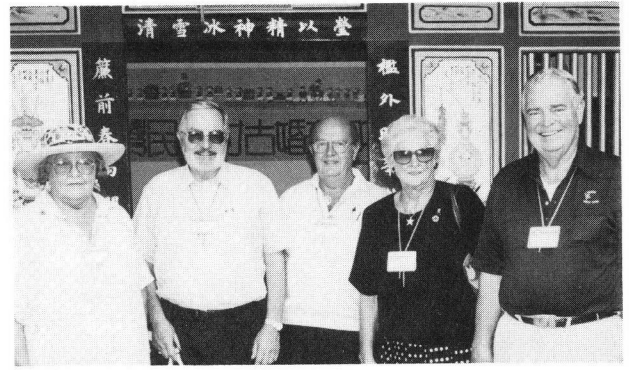
Sancy Ching & Peg Felmlly



The Hills, Bartee and The Clarkes



Viewing exercise in Kaohsiung



Touring Folk Village



The queen and her court



Dorie & Dave Clarke



Relaxing while watching the lion dance.



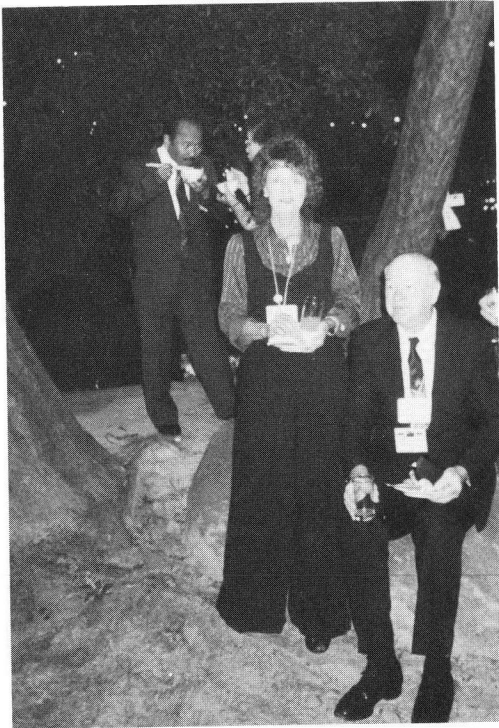
"Bud" Booth & Dr. Chang



Mrs. Hu and Franny Wang



Delegates and Chinese friends in front of Military History Hall



Alversons at Reception at Foreign Ministry

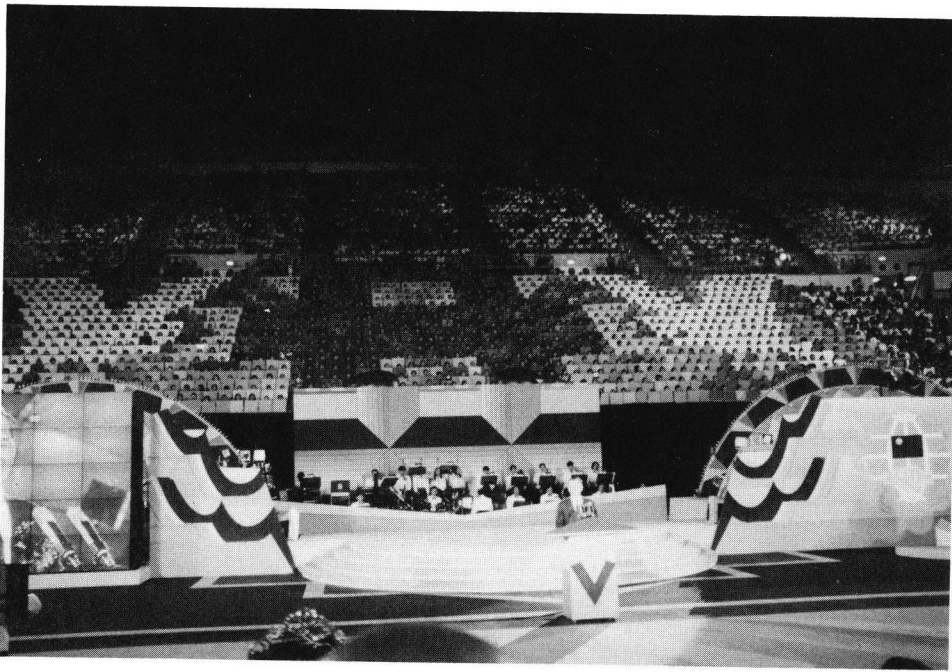


Audrey Baker, Art Wilding, Erma Rutan, Glenna Wilding, Laura Sellers in hotel lobby.

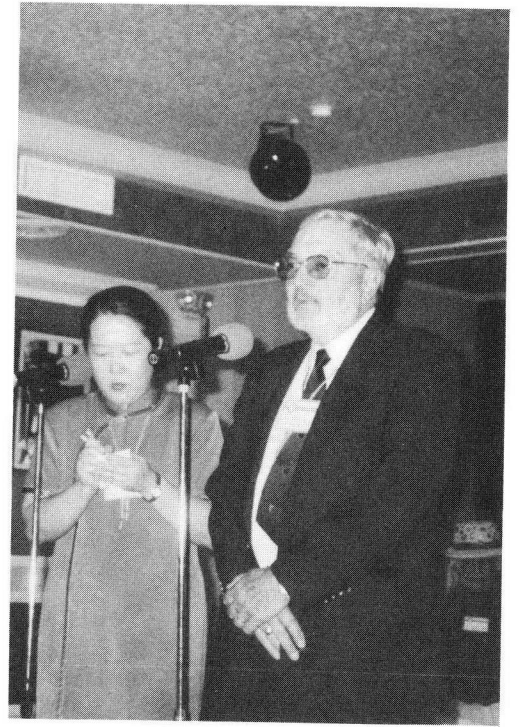


Gen. & Mrs. Kung Hsiang-jen Tracy Chou, Billy Miles, Jennifer Soong Ms. Le





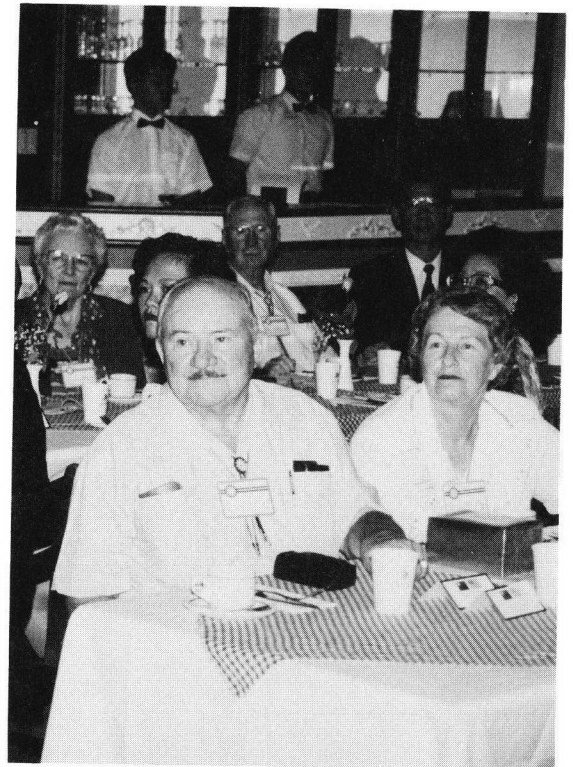
Card section displays Double Ten at Festival Show



Casamajor responds to welcome at MIB Tracy Chou interprets



Dr. Chang clowns with Rutans



Willie & Audrey Baker at MIB welcome luncheon



Table at National Day Reception in gardens of Foreign Ministry



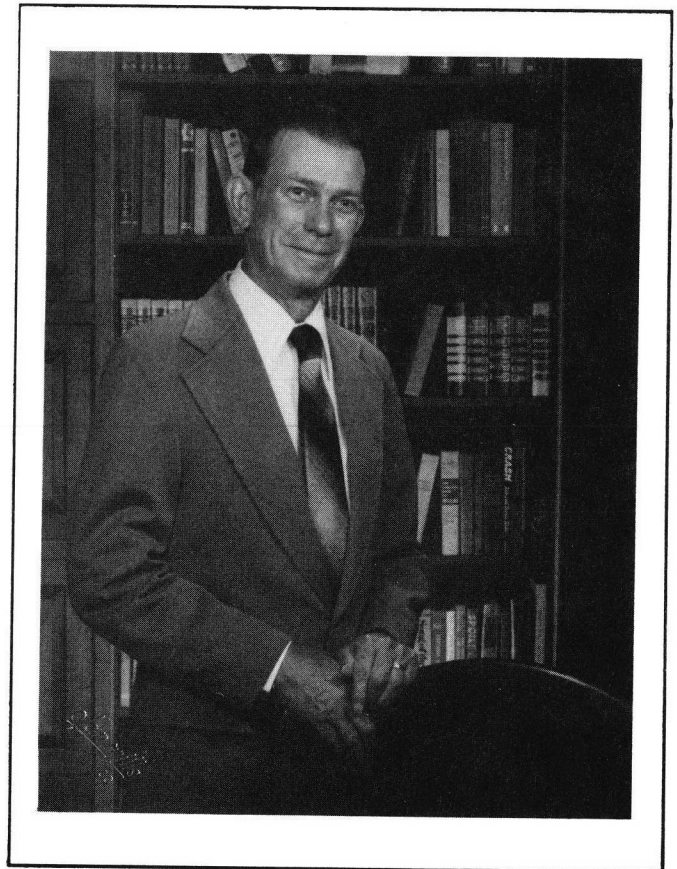


IT'S NOT GOODBYE...MEMORIES BUDDIES
BUILD NEVER DIE...

What is a shipmate...a buddy? How do you define a friend...a companion? War with all its hell and fury bonds humans in a manner known only to those who have served God and country when the world seems to be falling apart.

SACO was a unique group whose members with diversified duties were all volunteers. Ours was a small group of 24 - trained as radio operators at the Universities of Wisconsin and Idaho. Ultimately, we converged at a secret base on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound to become trained in RI (Radio Intelligence). Those of us who fell asleep in class experienced the "hot-foot" treatment (a lighted match placed between the sole and upper portion of the shoe by the instructor). If awakened (and most were for sure), you received extra hours in class...if you were fortunate to sleep through the episode, there was no punishment (you, without question, were in dire need of rest and forgiven!)

We seemed to mold in comradery from the beginning...there were the poker games during free times in our quarters and liberties to Seattle's



JOHN LOREN REISING

waterfront where many of us frequented the Garden of Allah and the Music Box. I recall my fascination of the organist's rendition of Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue" and requesting it on so many visits that the entertainer in the Garden of Allah automatically rendered the number upon our arrival.

Training in RI required taking an oath - we were given the option of declining and transferring or take the vow with the realization there would be no turning back...again, the volunteer status. The oath was the most strict our nation asks...stating in effect that if captured, we would..."submit to death before revealing the operations of OP20G (code for this group) so help me God!" The pledge was offered verbally with right hand raised and required a signature to the document. I'm sure we all felt, "WHAT THE HELL am I getting into?"

Sometimes waiting 'til the last minute found us running for the last ferry back to the island and even taking a running jump from the dock as the ferry was pulling away. (I don't recall having to "fish" any of us from the waters.)

Graduating from Bainbridge, there were several weeks in our nation's capital where we were furnished subsistence to locate our own lodging and food. For the most part, we rented rooms in private homes. This was great duty! We had interviews and indoctrination at the Navy Dep't where we ultimately convinced the powers-to-be that they need not be concerned with Charlie Sellers being small in stature and so youthful in appearance. They accepted our plea to let him go with us assuring the officers in Room 2732 that we would watch over him. (Not long ago at one of our reunions Charlie said to me, "I'm sure thankful you guys stood up for me!")

I recall having mixed emotions being greeted one day in the halls of the Navy Dep't with, "Good morning, Sonny!" by then CNO Admiral King. Quite a thrill being spoken to by this great man, but "Sonny?"

We had much free time, met great gals, double-dated and hardly knew there was a war going on! The musical OKLAHOMA was in its prime and "Oh What A Beautiful Morning"

aptly described many pleasurable days in Washington.

Soon we were transported in concealed conveyances to a secluded area along the Potomac to be trained in "Hand-to - Hand Combat!" Again, my thoughts...'WHAT THE HELL?' Didn't I choose the Navy because I had a distinct dislike for knives and guns? Even at this point, we had no inkling that our ultimate assignment as "dry-land" sailors would order us to wear a shoulder holster housing a .45 Colt automatic as well as a carbine and hunting knife! Our first tragedy occurred at this training area. One of our own, "Red" Parris went along with a marine in a boat to place lanterns on a yacht anchored off shore. A freak storm capsized the small boat and our efforts to drag the river for a couple days after failed to recover the body.

The ensuing months unfolded many events; some of us were flown directly to the Orient - others by ship. While aboard the British ship HMS Shah (which, incidentally, never received a sanitation award and certainly failed to meet our needs for food) and discovering we were radio operators (???), we were summoned to "earn our passage," so to speak and become a part of the ship's communication crew. We tried to fake it as stick (pencil) operators, but fell far short of being productive and were excused no doubt as being poorly trained Americans. Of course there was no way we could explain that we were to be enemy code interceptors and were trained with special typewriters adapted to Japanese phonetics.

We spent much time at the bow of the ship and one day, for a bit of exhilaration, in the midst of a typhoon in the Tasmanian Sea, we took a firm grip on the rail as the ship pitched beneath the waves of the angry sea. Needless to say, there was one irate captain (Yendell as I recall the name) on the bridge who proceeded to admonish us in no uncertain terms!

Probably about the dumbest undertaking ever!...but wasn't it a thrill?

Arriving Cochin, India, a U.S. Naval Officer came aboard stating, "This is probably the most prized possession you'll ever have over here," as he handed each of us a roll of toilet tissue. He also informed us, "If you haven't sown your wild oats, this is not the place to start! Put your pride in your pocket and..."

We traveled to Calcutta by train, purchasing a whole stalk of bananas for just a few cents and about four of us devouring them in a couple days...not just too crazy about bananas today!

Faces at each stop began to look familiar and we finally realized the beggars rode the train with us and got off at each stop. Doesn't take youth of foreign countries long to learn English.."No mama, no papa, no sister, no brother," and frequently adding, "No per diem...Bahksheesh, sahib!" Even on occasion, coming up with a quote as, "I know, get the hell out of here," and laugh because they had bested us.

There was an overnight layover at a tent hostel in Madras. Someone said, "Watch out for the cobras." That did it, 'nuff said and I quickly informed all to rest easy...I would stand watch. To top it off, the head was down a 'garden path' and though I can't recall - relief must have been in fraternal order!

While Camp Knox was the usual layover site, we were soon moved to a bungalow on the outskirts of Calcutta (Tollygunge) in order to be isolated where we could set up a radio station and "keep in practice" while awaiting transportation over the "Hump."

Thus began a life heretofore unknown as we began to be "spoiled" by servants who respectfully addressed us "sahib" (sob), not "saw-heeb" as mispronounced in so many movies.

We spent many pleasurable hours at Firpo's where we felt safe ??? in eating ice-cream (was good!) and became steady customers of a patio-type cocktail lounge (perhaps the Casanova??) which, as Firpo's was a part of the Grand Hotel on Chowringhee Road. John Collins was a popular hi-ball and we often watched the gals kick up their heels to Jacques Offenbach's "Can i.n in the Winter Garden. I recall us seeing "For Whom the Bell Tolls" at one of the Calcutta theatres (probably the Globe) where it was my first experience to drink from a bar in a theatre at intermission. We experienced monsoons which flooded the streets in a matter of minutes and caused much chaos as street vendors salvaged their products while the revered cattle roamed without restriction. Of course, transportation was by rickshaw - one man pulling a pair of us for miles back to our abode. We learned the Indian way of relaxing during idle moments in town by resting in a squatting position. How many could do so today, and if so, what about getting up??

Eventually, we were all in China, fulfilling our mission of intercepting the enemy's coded messages. Working various watches around the clock, we did have free time to venture into town, at times consuming too much "jing-bao juice" and having to help a buddy back to quarters. There were hikes in the mountains exploring various temples, etc. We shared the Christmas Holiday without much fanfare other than chopping a portion of a tree we found and, having no other ornaments, decorated with inflated condoms. WHAT THE HELL! We had a traditional tree of sorts! Of course there were silent thoughts of home. There were the sad times, happy times, tears and laughter, joy and pain such as in the loss of two of our buddies who had been friends since childhood, due to an unfortunate accident during free time. Johnny Reising, through a letter from his fiancée, learned that his mother had died and we shared in his grief of being on

the other side of the world and unable to attend her funeral.

When selected to go alone with radio equipment on a flight to Luliang to set-up a radio station and report the prospects of a potential evacuation destination, it was such short notice that I found myself without clean clothes. Two buddies helped out by loaning me their clothes...I never saw them again...they were the two we lost...Lynch and Jansen. (In post war years, I met with Lt. Hoose at his law office in Beverly Hills, CA and we had lunch. I asked. "Why did you choose me to make that lone flight to Luliang?" and he replied, "Because I felt you were one of the more mature." I never told him that I was instilled with the fear of God and lacked confidence that I could set up radio equipment. (Sometimes we surprise ourselves!)

Those of us in Kweilin worked directly with the 69th Composite Wing of the 14th Air Force. Our quarters were part of their base and apparently, we shared their mess. Also, exception was taken because we didn't salute officers and when it was learned it was not customary for Naval personnel to salute "uncovered" they asked that we wear hats. Not being in uniform (which we were not supposed to wear as a condition of this detached service), this request was not feasible, so, as the story goes, this bit of animosity about quarters and food prompted our OinC Lt. Harned P. Hoose to seek housing authority. His request granted, he had an extremely attractive compound built, fireplaces throughout, bedrooms to be shared by two - even a waterfall which was a replica of one near Hoose's birthplace in China (Hoose being born to missionaries) - all at an approximate cost of \$30,000 - quite a tidy sum for labor at that time. Many of the furnishings were donated by the people of Kweilin and when I returned from Luliang, Lt. Hoose took me on personal tour. I was overwhelmed at the quadrangle

structure enclosing a huge central courtyard and covered walkway around all four sides. The vases from Kweilin people placed on mantles throughout were beautiful. Hoose proudly pointed out the flagpole where he said we would fly the WHAT THE HELL pennant whenever the skipper called.

Within a week of this preview, the Japanese were closing in - evacuation was in order and the compound was demolished so as not to accommodate the enemy. Thus ended another epic of the war, shattering a dream that never came to pass. Lt. Hoose was a wonderful leader, always in support of his crew, he attempted to make life a little easier for us all.

I like to think ours was a "family" group - like brothers I never had. Though separated in various areas of China, we corresponded and tried to keep in touch.

Our 15-month tour concluded, as promised, we were on our way home. Returning on the troop ship Gen. Hase, Johnny Reising and I would lie on the deck at night, gazing at the jeweled heavens that canopied the calm Mediterranean and exchange thoughts of where we had been and what the future might hold. Following debriefing in Washington, we spent a few more months in Seattle before our Bremerton, WA discharge. Hitchhiking to L.A. to visit Johnny's brother prior to going to our respective homes, I became enamored with the Southland and knew California had to be my future. Taking the same flight to Indiana, the plane landed first in Evansville. After an awkward moment in a loss for words, Johnny deplaned and was back home. In a short time, I was home in Kokomo.

In retrospect, there were sick times - especially the amoebic dysentery episodes requiring help to the head and even carrying a buddy too weak to make it on his own.

During times of liberty, as long as one had a dime (I think that

was usually me?) neither was broke. If both were in the clutches of indigency, there was always the star-sapphire ring purchased in Calcutta I could hock.

Yes, we were a close-knit group, yet some were special to each other. Johnny Reising, a fun-filled, carefree individual who loved life and could jitterbug up a storm, was one of the "specials."

I hope in recall that memories define what makes buddies who remain so the rest of their lives. Although we never corresponded much, we never forgot phone calls on birthdays and Christmas and the pleasure of a few in-person visits at each other's homes through the years.

Johnny left us last October and his death leaves another vacant spot in our "family." I am saddened to have lost him, yes, but in this, my tribute to a loving friend from a loving friend, I am blessed with a treasure of memories of special times and events we shared and lived and the fond regards and respect we gave one another.

It is at this time I'm reminded of John Donne's "No Man Is An Island" ...in part..."Any man's death diminishes me, for I am involved in mankind and therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

No truer words for all of us in the autumn of our lives approaching the inevitable...that's why we, as buddies, need to come together at the annual reunions every year it is possible to do so and once again, share that special time in our lives that bonded us in friendships like no others.

To the family of Johnny, wife Eloise, sons, Rick, John, David and "Rusty," I don't have to tell you that the void created in the loss of a wonderful husband and father is shared by me in the loss of a very dear friend...my buddy.

I feel richly rewarded in that I had the distinct honor of being

a part, and remain a member of a very select group.

So long, Johnny! We'll all see you later.

RLR (Ed.)



ROBERT J. CALLEN

This is to inform you of the death of Robert J. Callen on Sept. 13, 1995.

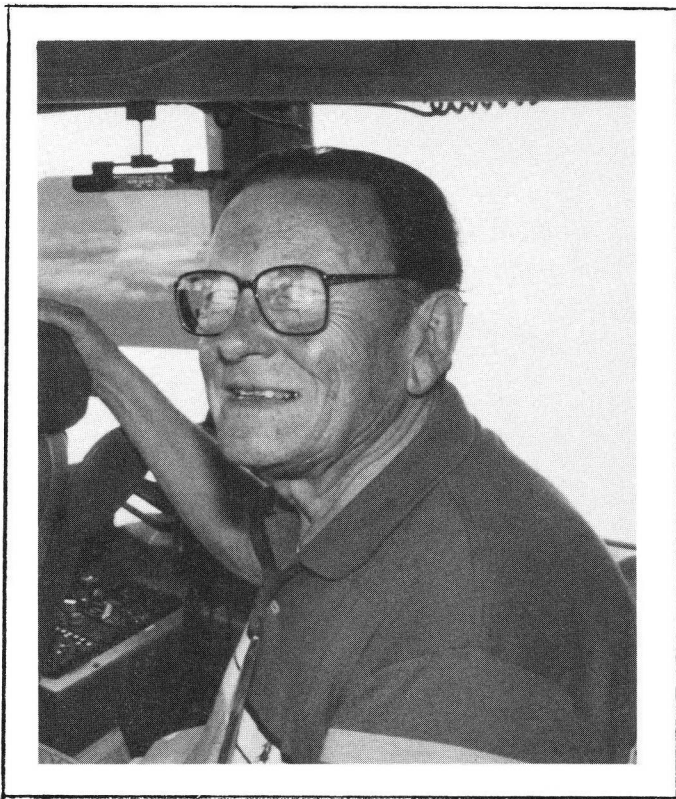
(signed) Elaine Koester, Bob's companion for 14 yrs.



ROBERT P. "PAT" RYAN

A letter from "Buck" Dormer and later phone call from "C-Going" Miles advises of the death of Pat Ryan 31 Oct. 1995. In a letter to "Billy" Miles, Rosemary Ryan stated Pat lived just two months after learning of liver cancer. Buck said Pat was with the first group to establish Camp #1. Buck was Pat's best man when he married Rosemary over 50 years ago as well as being best man for the late Way Holland.

(Photo taken 1992)



Arthur H. Wilding

Arthur Wilding died of a heart attack while attending a meeting and luncheon with the CBI veterans on 6 January 1996. Charles and Laura Sellers were in attendance with the Wildings at the CBI function.

Glenna writes the following:

Arthur Harold Wilding was born in Louisville, KY on March 30, 1921 to first generation Americans whose parents had immigrated from the Alsace-Lorraine region of the Ruhr Valley. His maternal grandfather was a braumeister who had been brought to Louisville to supervise a brewery in the making of beer.

Arthur became a diesel engineer and when WWII began, he joined the Navy, taught diesel engines at Great Lakes, IL and helped establish a diesel training school at Gulfport, Mississippi. Not wanting to spend the war teaching, he volunteered for SACO duty and worked out of Camp #5 in China.

After the war ended, he returned

to Louisville and studied law; acquired a Juris Doctor degree; was admitted to the Bar and began practice in 1953. He was assistant law director for the City of Louisville for some years, retiring from that position Dec. 31, 1994. He maintained a law practice in Louisville from 1953 until his death...

Arthur was very proud of his association with SACO, and for more than fifty years had continued friendships begun there. He actively supported and participated in SACO veterans group for some forty years.

Glenna's poem read at the funeral:

BELOVED FRIEND

Beloved friend,
you leave me,
consign our shared years to memory,
days of sorrow,
days of joy, drawing strength
from one another.
I mourn your going.
You travel
a road well trod,
from which none return.
You did not choose to go,
perhaps would not have gone
had you a choice.
God may need you
more than I,
so you go,
Be tranquil, Friend.
You do not die
so long as this heart beats.

by
Glenna Whiteaker Wilding
Copyright 1989

To all our dear SACO friends:

To those of you who wrote and called to express their sympathy with me for Arthur's death, I thank you. Your support and caring, and the sharing of memories of him were of great comfort to me. Thank you. Arthur was very proud of his SACO connection, and of the friends he had made through that connection, and I appreciate that warm 'family' feeling I always get when with SACO buddies. I will share this one thing with you. Arthur died the

way he always wanted to - instantly, painlessly, among friends, and with dignity. If one must go, what better way than this?

Glenna Wilding

Survivors: In addition to his wife the former Glenna Whiteaker; a brother Albert A. Wilding and sisters Carol Hebel and Thelma Reill.

(Ed. note: Glenna expressed how delighted and pleased she was to receive a beautiful arrangement of silk flowers from SACO which she said she will treasure in her home.)



LLOYD THOMAS COBB

Lloyd Cobb died Oct. 1, 1995. Born and raised in Jacksonville, NC, Lloyd Cobb dropped out of school in the eighth grade. He joined the Navy at age 18, shortly after the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Before undergoing hazardous-duty training, he had more than a taste of combat, having been part of the invasions of Guadalcanal and Bougainville, his son said.

In WWII as a boatswain's mate aboard tank landing ships in the South Pacific, Lloyd volunteered for the kind of higher-risk duty that would shape his adventuresome Navy career.

After training at Scout and Raider School at Fort Pierce, FL, he joined SACO to gather intelligence and carry out sabotage in an area occupied by the Japanese. He was in the area 27 months.

Having attended the Underwater Demolition Team School in Coronado, CA, he later worked in underwater demolition missions in the Korean War and helped form the first Navy SEAL team. Cobb took this team to Vietnam in 1960 before the US

was heavily involved, said his son, Gene of Bonita, CA. Cobb and fellow members of SEAL Team One performed reconnaissance and other missions behind enemy lines as the first of its kind in the Vietnam War. In Korea, Cobb took part in the Operation Fishnet where the underwater team severed fishing nets up to a mile in length with explosives, and towed them to sea where they were submerged. This operation deprived North Korea and Chinese forces of a major source of food.

Lloyd Cobb retired as a Navy Chief Petty Officer in 1965 after 23 years of honorable service and operated a diving business until 1990.

Among assignments as a civilian in the late 1960s: Working on the California Aqueduct and retrieving missiles in the Marshall Islands that had been fired from Cape Kennedy.

In addition to his son, Gene, he is survived by his wife, Rose; a daughter, Cheryl Ann Widmar of Monterey and two grandchildren.

(Ed. note: Foregoing info submitted by Jim Murphy and Harold Bonin. Lloyd Cobb was one of SACO's greatest supporters and generous in his contributions to support our publication.)



SOLOMAN F. FOUST

We are writing to let you know we have lost a long-time friend, Soloman Foust. He passed away Sept. 12, 1995 at the age of 90. He and Art trained together in Cape May, NJ before Pearl Harbor as radiomen..they were selected to go to India to set up a radio net. They arrived Bombay early 1942; Sal was transferred to Calcutta, later Chungking and Kunming.

After the war, Art & Sol met at Radio Electronic Inst. in Philadelphia where Art was teaching and Sol taking a refresher course.

Sol and wife and Art and I were good friends...traveled together many times.

...Before Sol passed away, he was looking forward to receiving his China citation medal from the ROC. In the event that it comes to pass, his wife is looking forward to receiving it...

Sincerely,
Arthur and Marilouise Bohus



ADMIRAL ARLEIGH A. BURKE

At age 94, retired Admiral Burke died Jan. 1, 1996. He is survived by his wife of more than 72 years, Roberta.

With the commissioning of the USS Arleigh Burke in 1991, he became one of the few men to have a Navy ship - and at the same time the Navy's most modern destroyer class - named after him while still living.

"The difference between a good officer and an excellent one is about 10 seconds," he once said.

"A fine rule is to get going sooner than anticipated, travel faster than expected and arrive before you're due."

"Courageous and gallant, he was renowned for his heroism during the Pacific battles of WWII," President Clinton said, hailing Admiral Burke's "extraordinary courage, legendary reputation and selfless service."

Admiral Burke served an unprecedented three terms as Chief of Naval Operations in a military career that spanned the ages of cavalry horse and atomic bomb.

Admiral Burke was a close friend of our Skipper and the Miles' family. In the foreword to A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR, Admiral Burke writes, "It is a great honor for this retired sailor to be able to preface the saga of gallant deeds of his own good friend. ...Captain 'Mary' Miles received general, yet very definite orders from Admiral King, the Commander in Chief, United States Fleets, to establish weather stations in China, at the same time doing what harm he could to the enemy...'Mary' Miles was chosen for this intricate assignment, first because he knew China and the Chinese, but more importantly because of his ability to innovate, to initiate, to select the right men, and then to inspire them to do the impossible."

Admiral Miles' sons, Murray and Charles were in attendance at the funeral of Admiral Burke and "C-Going" (Charles) was impressed with President Clinton's eloquence at the occasion. C-Going commented that he was close enough to touch President Clinton but for the secret service which he felt might take a dim view! He also noted a tear of emotion as the president made his departure.

Admiral Burke wrote, "Life has been good to me, I didn't die young. I wasn't killed in the war. I did most everything I wanted to do,

and some things I didn't want to do. I had a job I liked and a woman I loved. Couldn't ask for more than that."

At his request, he wanted no recognition of his past on his epitaph other than: Admiral Arleigh A. Burke - Sailor.

(Ed. note: Admiral Burke was an Honorary Member of SACO presumably sponsored by Adm. Miles. Thanks to "C-Going" and Frank Buckless for contributing to the foregoing.)



THANK YOU

I want to thank you for the flowers that were sent to my brother's funeral (Harry Romanki) from his SACO buddies.

It was a beautiful arrangement of white gladiolus, white foxglove, delphinium and red carnations.

Harry died at home in his own bed, like he wanted to, very peacefully.

Please thank everyone who was so kind to Harry when he went to the conventions. He always looked forward to going whenever he could.

Sincerely,
Sophie B. Romanki



OTHER DEATHS REPORTED SINCE LAST ISSUE

JOSEPH D. BENNETT, LT CDR
SAMUEL CLEMENS, CSK
W. M. DAWE, Y1c
DR. LAWRENCE B. GANG, CDR MC
CORNELIUS W. KUHN LT JG
DR. JAMES E. LIGHTFOOT, LT
JAMES RICHARD MCDONOUGH, RM1c
JOSEPH S. SHRAGEL, AMM2c
PETER PAUL WALINTIS, PHM1c
JAMES W. WERWAGE, Sp(X) 1c

???!!! ★★

SICK BAY

BILLY MILES ILL

As a member of the delegation visiting Taiwan last October, Billy Miles suffered a stroke. A couple days later, she was flown home accompanied by her son "C-Going" and a nurse. She was admitted to Bethesda Naval Hospital for several weeks and is currently convalescing in the Arleigh Burke Pavillion in McLean, VA. In conversations with C-Going and "Slim" Gilroy, Billy seems a little "brighter" although she is reluctant to leave her bed for exercise therapy. C-Going said she is sharp, but sad to realize she spends most time in bed.

Understand she cannot see well enough to read, but enjoys cards which are read to her by sons, "Boots" (Murray) and "C-Going" (Charles). Slim advises you send cards to Billy to her home address where they will be picked up by the sons who have access to her home:

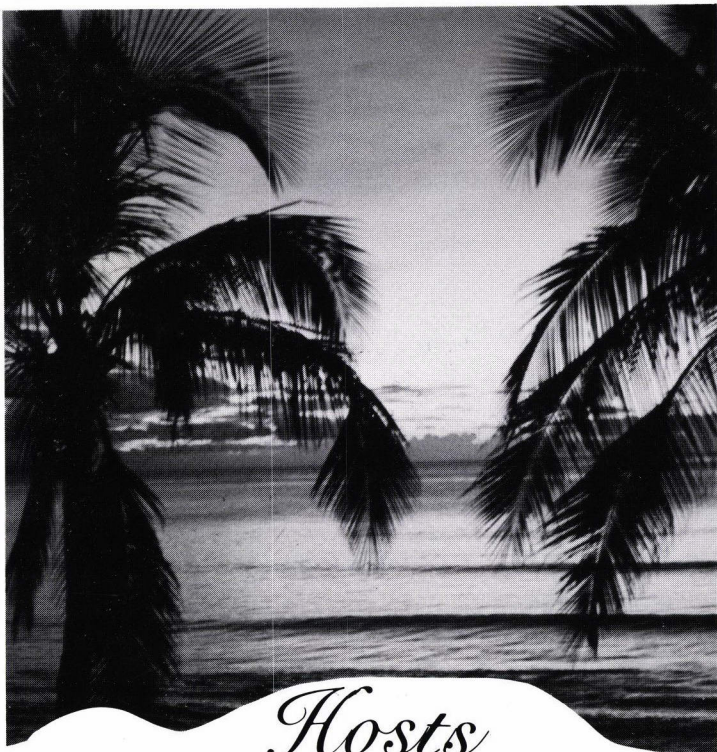
Mrs. Wilma S. Miles
4948 Sentinel Dr. #106
Bethesda, MD 20816

VERNE BENEDICT

"Benny" writes: "Past year hectic & very depressing. In and out of the hospital and lots of therapy; learning to walk, shave, eat, etc. all over again. Took 6 mos. of DNA testing to finally decide my problem; a tuberculosis virus starting in my right hand. Can't say when my next SACO get-together will be. I'm doing therapy everyday to try to get back into shape.

LEE ALVERSON

Verne Benedict reports that Lee Alverson had triple by-pass surgery and is doing ok.



Hosts
Peg & Doc Felmy

42nd
SACO
NATIONAL
CONVENTION
SEPT. 11-15
LONGBOAT KEY
SARASOTA, FL

432 Golden Beach Blvd.
Venice, FL 34285
Phone: (941) 488-3225

After May 15:
PO Box 512
Salem, NY Phone: (581) 677-3955

*We need the
support of all
TIGERS*

SACO DUES

Annual dues for Regular
and Associate Members:

\$20.00

Send dues to:
Frank W. Buckless
4246 Darleigh Road
Baltimore, MD 21236



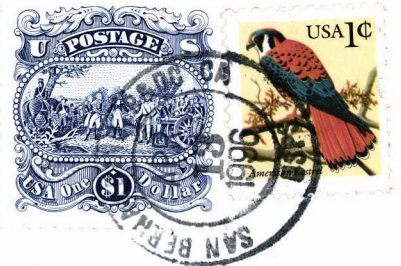
Annual dues for Ladies
Auxiliary: \$10.00

Send dues to:

Ellen Booth
7471 Thunderbird Rd.
Liverpool, NY 13088

★ SACO NEWS ★

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45-480 Desert Fox Drive
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214
Phone: (619) 360-3800



FIRST CLASS

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